

Good 41 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

★
Quiet
please!
The Lady has Plans—
★

The Sports Mike moves back to record **THE FIRST CUP FINAL**

HULLO, everyone, John Nelson calling you from Kennington Oval. The newly inaugurated competition for the Football Association Challenge Cup ends its first season this afternoon, with the final here between the Wanderers and the Royal Engineers.

The competition was, of course, introduced as an experiment, and I must say that results so far have completely justified enthusiasm of its originators.

Fifteen clubs have taken part; there has been some excellent football; and this final tie seems to have created quite a lot of public interest.

I should say there must be nearly 600 people gathered here around the playing pitch awaiting the kick-off.

Outside, in the usually quiet Kennington streets, lines of hansom-cabs are drawn up, awaiting the return of their fares.

Small boys seem to have made a fortune in coppers by preventing the long skirts of the ladies from brushing against cab wheels as the wearers descended. They're even cashing-in on courtesy these days.

The Wanderers seem to be regarded as favourites to win the match, but the Royal Engineers have shaped very impressively in the earlier rounds. To reach the final they have beaten Hitchin, Hampstead Heathens and Crystal Palace.

The Wanderers, on the other hand, have had a walk-over against Harrow Chequers, have beaten Clapham Rovers, and drawn with Crystal Palace and Queen's Park. In the final after winning only one tie. There's luck for you. The Scottish team, exempted until the semi-finals because of travelling difficulties, gave the Wanderers a walk-over into the last round as they could not spare time to play a second match when the first was drawn. Both the finalists, as you may

★ **JOHN NELSON**, our sports recorder, is taking his microphone back through the years—back to events which have made sporting history.

This afternoon, at Kennington Oval, the first F.A. Cup Final is being played—between the Wanderers and the Royal Engineers. It is March 16, 1872. . . . Over to John Nelson at the Oval. . . .

be aware, have met Crystal Palace in the competition, and whereas the Engineers beat them, the Wanderers could only draw—form which certainly seems to favour the soldiers.

★ ★ ★
There's some hand-clapping from the crowd now. The teams are coming out, followed by the referee and the two goal judges. It's their job to decide whether the ball passes inside or out of the wooden goal frames.

Both teams are wearing the same style of kit—caps, long flannel trousers, belts, and spiked brown boots. Some of the players, I notice, have tucked the ends of their trousers into the tops of their socks.

But for the fact that no one is carrying a bat, you might easily imagine them to be groups of cricketers.

The Wanderers have won the toss and the Royal Engineers are kicking off. . . .

Apparently, both sides are adopting the same playing formation—a goalkeeper, a full back, a half back, and eight attackers. It is purely optional, according to the rules, how a team disposes of its men on the field of play, but this particular formation seems to have been the most successful from actual experience.

Alcock has the ball for the Wanderers. He's dribbling towards the Engineers' goal. He's covered quite 30 yards already. . . . but, oh, he's bowled over. A good hefty charge sent him sprawling and the Engineers are away on the attack.

It's a good fast game, with some excellent dribbling and plenty of vigorous charging. . . .

★ **One of the Wanderers' players—Bonsor, I believe—is energetically rubbing his shins. Perhaps he was unlucky enough to stop a kick from the spiked boot of an opponent.**

Such misfortunes are all part and parcel of football, but I must say that I have never yet seen anything that has been intentionally unfair or spiteful. Possibly that is because there has so far been no professional element in the game. . . .

Oh, bad luck! A Royal Engineer has fallen heavily after being charged and is rather shaken up. Players on both sides are running to his assistance. The game is delayed.

★ **He's on his feet now. Someone is rendering first aid. It seems like a broken collar-bone. . . . Yes, it is, I have just been told.**

Well, that is an unfortunate blow just as the soldiers were playing so well. Will the Engineers be permitted a substitute, I wonder?

No, the injured player is carrying on. These footballers must be made of pretty tough stuff. He's getting a special hand-clap from the crowd. . . .

Fifteen minutes have gone; neither side has scored, and as the time allotted for this broadcast has elapsed I must return you to the studio for the second half of the symphony concert. . . .

POSTSCRIPT.

In that happy-go-lucky atmosphere, the F.A. Cup, greatest of all winter sporting competitions, was cradled. It began as an all-amateur competition, frowned on by many who regarded the "new" game of

football as ungentlemanly and of little interest. For ten years it grew steadily in popularity, until, with the admission of professional clubs in 1883, it really began to take shape as the spell-binding tournament we know to-day.

The Wanderers won that first match by a goal to nil. There was no formal presentation of the Cup—it was handed to them at a club dinner a month later—as after each side had given three cheers for its opponents the players left the field to go home with friends in the ground.

Just the sort of ending that marks inter-house matches at school to-day—but what history was made that March afternoon at Kennington!

MILESTONES

No goal nets were used in that first Final. They were "invented" by a Mr. Brodie, of Liverpool, in 1890.

Shinguards were not worn. S. W. Widdowson, the old Nottingham Forest and English international, introduced these in 1874.

The referee didn't use a whistle. Whistles were first employed on the Nottingham Forest ground in 1878.

The two-handed throw-in was unknown—it came in in 1882.

Neither was the penalty kick—introduced in 1891.

The goalkeeper could use his hands anywhere on the field of play—this facility was restricted to the penalty area in 1912—and

Passing, as we know it to-day, was never indulged in. Close dribbling was considered much more effective.



And the last four words are the title of the Paramount Picture in which your screen sweetheart, Paulette Goddard, stars. We hope you're ashore when the cinema bills it, because we know it's going to be Paulette as you like her. Personally, we like her anyway and always—but we do think that this snappy playsuit becomes one of the snappiest personalities that was ever transferred to celluloid for our benefit. You will see her also in the Paramount drama, "So Proudly We Hail."

It's funny—but **THEY WORK TO SMELLS**

THE proper working of our bodies depends more than most people would believe on the smells that assail our noses. In exceptional cases, otherwise normal people cannot do their best work without the aid of a particular scent, and as a classical example we may cite Napoleon, who always demanded eau-de-cologne before planning a campaign. Or so it is said.

But while it is easy to imagine very good reasons why a man might be glad of eau-de-cologne on a battlefield, the case of the German poet, Friedrich Schiller, is not so easily explained. He could only work in a smell of rotten apples, and always kept a few advanced specimens in his desk.

Scents which affect people adversely are more often reported, and some people's blood-pressure rises in a disconcerting way when they smell narcissi; they suffer severe headaches.

The cure, however, is the smell of ammonia, which lowers their blood-pressure to normal again.

A prolonged smell of hops sends most people to sleep, though nothing but the smell can possibly come out of a "hop-pillow." Yet that statement is rather misleading, for it has been shown that a scent does actually consist of free molecules of the substance smelt, together with some odd groups of atoms called "osmophores."

In whatever form these particles reach our noses, they are extremely potent agents. It has been estimated that the ordinary human nose can detect

one three-hundred-millionth part of a grain of musk.

Moths, which are believed to seek their mates by scent, will come for many miles to find the object of their desire, and the male Oak Eggar moth will even settle on the jacket of a man whose pocket contains a female securely shut up in a match-box.

Some workers with microscopes make use of the scent of citronella to aid their eyesight, for it is a fact that objects which are just below the limit of vision come into view after a sniff at the citronella bottle.

Other people, not particularly interested in microscopes, find that they can talk more brilliantly amid the smell of rotten cheese—or, as they would say, matured cheese.

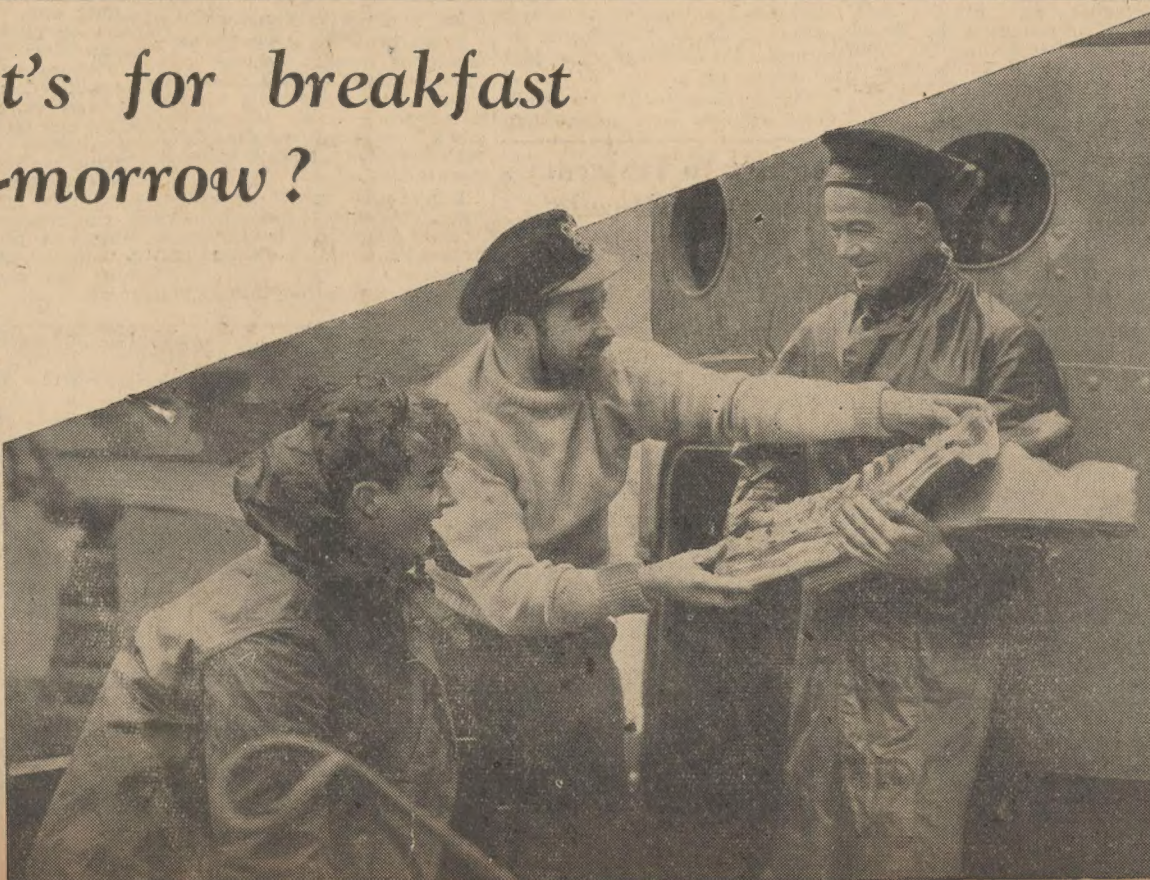
We have also known cases where the merest whiff of alcohol has hastened the footsteps of . . . but never mind that.

INSIDE INFORMATION

It has been suggested to the Editor of "Good Morning" by a submarine captain just back from the Med. that this paper would be even more welcome if the night edition of the British Official Press, as read by the P.O. Tel., were inserted inside this sheet. You would then have a complete daily newspaper, to be handed out to the ship's company on diving in the morning.

What's for breakfast to-morrow?

Anyway, there's a spot of Bacon, and, judging from the smiles being exchanged, there'll be eggs and bacon—if there are any eggs!



Periscope Page

HOW'S YOUR X-METIC?

$$\begin{array}{r} 178 \times 4 \times 9 \times (3 \times \times \\ \times \times \times \\ \times 1 \times 9 \\ \times 0 \times 8 \\ \times 1 \times \\ \times \times \times \\ 000 \end{array}$$

This is just a simple sum in division. See if you can replace the X's with figures, so that, when the problem is finished, there will be no remainder. The numbers given, of course, must remain in the positions indicated.

WANGLING WORDS—12

1.—Often the addition of the letter "S" in front of a word will entirely alter its sound. Thus, Hew becomes Shew, and Now becomes Snow. How many more can you find?

2.—"Mirror" words are words whose letters, when reversed in a mirror, still remain letters. An example is HIAWATHA, and another is our old friend HAW-HAW. How many more can you think of?

3.—A sentence (or a word) which reads the same backwards and forwards is a palindrome. Here is a good one:

SNUG AND RAW WAS I ERE
I SAW WAR & GUNS.
But it doesn't work if you spell out the word "and." Here are some more, partly finished. Can you complete them?
STIFF, O DAIRYMAN, IN A

NOW STOP, MAJOR GENERAL, ARE

4.—How many words of four letters can you make from the word CONSEQUENCES?

Wangling Words No. 11

1.—MADAM, LEVEL, MINIM, etc.

2.—D I S E S T A B L I S H M E N T. I A R I A N I S M is longer.

3.—ONE, OWE, EWE, EYE, DYE, DOE, TOE, TOO, TWO, OAT, RAT, ROT, ROE, RYE, LAKE, BAKE, BANE, BONE, BOND, POND.

HAND, HARD, HART, PART, PORT, FORT, FOOT.

4.—TORMENTINGLY and NORTHERLY have six children each.

QUIZ for today

1. What are male and female swans called?
2. How did the Lobelia get its name?
3. Why is an aitchbone so called?
4. How much does a gallon of water weigh?
5. Why are the divisions of Yorkshire called Ridings?
6. Which John, famous in song, was unarmed?
7. What is the top speed of a good racehorse?
8. Where are the Thousand Islands?
9. How long do whales live?
10. What well-known poet became Viceroy of India?
11. Why is prison called Brixton?
12. Who was Daniel Lambert?

NEMO of the NAUTILUS

Adapted from Jules Verne's famous Novel

IT then came into my head to ask Captain Nemo if he had already discovered this Pole, which no human being had set foot upon. "No, professor," he answered, "and we will discover it together. There, where so many have failed, I shall not fail. I have never brought my Nautilus so far south; but, I repeat, it shall go farther still."

"I wish to believe you, captain," said I in a slightly ironical tone. "I do believe you! There is no obstacle before us! We will break up that ice-bank, and if it resists, we will give the Nautilus wings so that we can pass over it!"

"Over it, professor?" answered Captain Nemo tranquilly. "No, not over it, but under it."

A sudden revelation of the captain's projects illuminated my

mind. I understood. The marvelous qualities of the Nautilus would again be of service in this super-human enterprise.

"I see that we begin to understand each other, professor," said the captain, half smiling. "You already catch a glimpse of the possibility—I say of the success—of this attempt. What is impracticable to an ordinary ship is easy to the Nautilus. If a continent emerges at the Pole, it will stop before that continent. But if, on the contrary, the Pole is bathed by the open sea, the Nautilus will go to the Pole itself."

"It is certain," said I, carried along by the captain's reasoning,

"that though the surface of the sea is solidified by ice, its depths are free on account of the providential reason that has placed the maximum of density of sea-water at a superior degree to its congelation. And if I am not mistaken, the submerged part of this ice-bank is to the emerged part as four is to one."

"The only difficulty," continued Captain Nemo, "will be to remain submerged for several days without renewing the air."

"Is that all?" I replied. "The Nautilus contains vast reservoirs; we will fill them, and they will furnish us with all the oxygen we shall want."

"Well imagined, M. Aronnax," said the captain, smiling. "But I did not wish you to accuse me of foolhardiness, so I submit all objections to you beforehand."

"Have you any more to make?"

"One only. It is possible that if sea exists at the South Pole, that sea may be entirely frozen over, and consequently we cannot go up to the surface."

"Well, sir, do you forget that the Nautilus is armed with a powerful prow, and can we not hurl it diagonally against the ice-fields, which will open at the shock?"

"Ah, professor, you have some good ideas to-day!"

"Besides, captain," said I, getting more and more enthusiastic, "why should we not find an open sea at the South as well as at the North Pole?"

"I think so, too, M. Aronnax," answered Captain Nemo. "I will only observe to you that after uttering so many objections to my scheme, you now crush me with arguments in favour of it."

Captain Nemo spoke truly. I had come to rival him in audacity! It was I who was dragging him to the Pole!

In the meantime he had not lost an instant. At a signal the first officer appeared. These two men spoke rapidly in their incomprehensible language, and whether it was that the first officer had been told of it beforehand, or that he found the scheme practicable, he manifested no surprise.

But he did not show more impassiveness than Conseil when I told the worthy fellow of our intention of going as far as the South Pole. An "As monsieur pleases" answered my communication, and with that I was obliged to content myself. As to Ned Land, he shrugged his shoulders up as high as they would go.

The preparations for this audacious attempt were now begun.

Answer to Yesterday's Picking Puzzle

Easy Picking: Two upper right-hand corner lines are removed and four centre lines in large square remaining to left.



Sailmakers

EVEN in coastal towns it is almost impossible to find a sailmaker in this decade. There are, however, as in other crafts, a few families who are keeping on with the family tradition and livelihood.

Mr. William Braund, his son and grandson still carry on the work at Braundon, a village on the North Devon coast.

Mr. Braund claims that he brought the craft to Braundon in 1900, and that he has handled the making of sails for ships from nearly every country in the world, including an Arctic exploration vessel. Now, not only does he make sails for holiday craft, yachting clubs, and fishing fleets, but he also makes tents and marquees, which are in great demand.

Mr. Braund, who is a native of the nearby port of Appledore, went to sea early in life as a sailmaker, and many lives were saved by his skill.

One of London's last sailmakers, George Meade, of King's Cross Road, is no longer

able to make a living out of his ancient calling because so few sailing vessels come up the Thames nowadays.

So George now practises a new trade... he mends shop blinds. His territory is South London, and he has hundreds of customers. He claims that no hole is too big for him to mend with a patch, needle and thread.

By the terms of a will, the Drapers Company, one of the wealthiest London livery companies, is bound to keep certain almshouses under its control for the use of retired sailmakers.

Recently, one of the sailmakers' almshouses in Bruce Grove, Tottenham, N., fell vacant. Once upon a time it was easy to find an old and suitable sailmaker. But this time the Drapers Company was puzzled. It had to search carefully before it found Arthur Fairclough, a sailmaker for half a century.

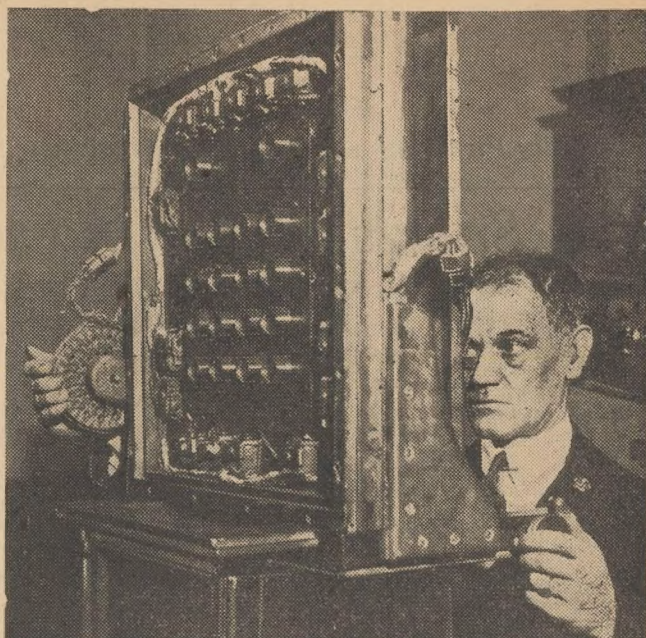
JANE

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

1. The offspring of a lion and a tigress.
2. The intruder is "Circular."
3. Goetheite, found in Germany and Cornwall, was named after Goethe.
4. In the Bay of Fundy, where a difference of 60 feet between high and low water has been recorded.
5. Queen Anne, who was responsible for the Ascot racecourse.
6. A treeless, marshy plain in Northern Russia.
7. (a) R. L. Stevenson, (b) Alexander Dumas, (c) Sir Walter Scott.
8. Ten.
9. 120 yards by 80 yards.
10. (a) In Kentucky, (b) in Yorkshire.
11. 8 stone 4 lb.
12. Ivory from extinct mammoths is exported from Siberia.



From "Good Morning" Museum GEORGE'S EVENING OUT—7



"WONDERFUL invention, these moving pictures," says George to the girl-friend. "What will they be doing next. As we go in, let's have a look at the latest type of camera. They've got one in the entrance." (A cinematograph camera of 1887. It had 16 lenses.)

The powerful pumps of the Nautilus were working air into the reservoirs, and storing it at high pressure.

About ten men got up on the sides of the Nautilus, and, armed with pickaxes, broke the ice round the hull, which was soon set free. This was a speedy operation, for the young ice was still thin. We all went back into the interior. The usual reservoirs were filled with the liberated water, and the Nautilus soon sank.

At a depth of nine hundred feet, as Captain Nemo had foreseen, we were floating under the undulating surface of the ice-bank. But the Nautilus sank lower still. It reached a depth of four hundred fathoms. The temperature of the water, which gave 12 degs. on the surface, was now only 10 degs. Two degrees were already gained.

Under the sea, the Nautilus had gone the direct road to the Pole straight along the fifty-second meridian. There remained from 67° 30' to 90°! twenty-two and a half degrees—to cross—that is to say, rather more than five hundred leagues. The Nautilus went at an average speed of twenty-six miles an hour. If it kept it up forty hours that time would be enough to reach the Pole.

During a part of the night the novelty of the situation kept us at the window. The sea was lighted up by the electric lantern. Fish did not sojourn in these imprisoned waters. They only used them as a passage to go from the Antarctic Ocean to the open sea at the Pole.

The next day, March 19th, at 5 a.m., I went back to my station

How to write Verse—5

By LOUIS MacNEICE

YOU have already been warned, when writing verse, not to put in a word merely because it rhymes. This principle holds true for everything to do with verse-writing.

Don't bring in a simile or a metaphor merely because you think such things are expected. Don't turn your grammar upside-down—e.g., "Came the dawn"—because you think such inversions have a value in themselves.

Don't put "thou" instead of "you" because it has got more "class"; far from having more "class," it is both awkward and frigid. Don't write anything you don't really believe or really feel.

There must be enough things you really believe or feel to make up dozens of short poems and at least one long one.

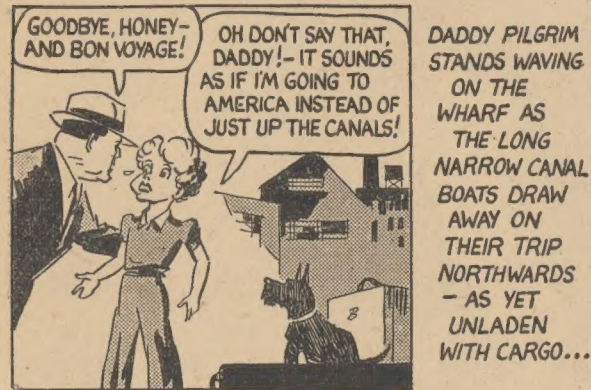
Avoid clichés. Even if they mean something to you, they are bound to be a drug on the market. Your girl may have "golden" hair, but call it something else in verse—"syrup-coloured hair," "sawdust hair," "primrose hair"—anything you like as long as it has some relation to the fact and rings a bell in the reader.

Most people can hit off an apt or a novel phrase in conversation; do the same thing in verse.

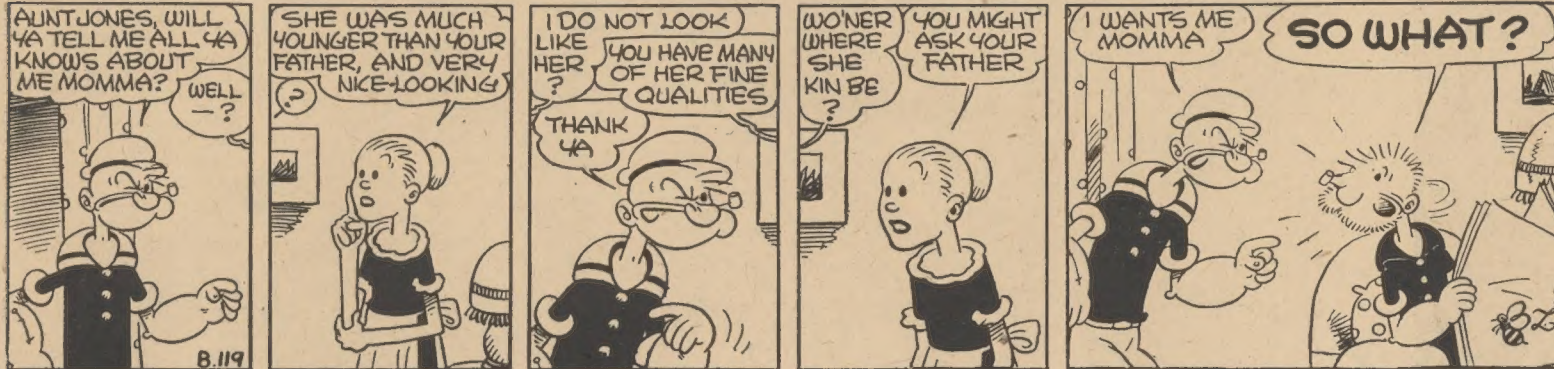
Beelzebub Jones



Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



Nemo of the Nautilus Figure These Out

Continued from Page 2.

in the saloon. The electric log indicated that the speed of the *Nautilus* had only been moderate. It was then going up towards the surface, but prudently, by slowly emptying its reservoirs.

My heart beat quickly. Were we going to emerge and find the free atmosphere of the Pole?

No. A shock told me that the *Nautilus* had struck against the bottom of the ice-bank, still very thick, to judge by the dulness of the sound. We had struck at a depth of 1,000 feet. That gave 2,000 feet above us, 1,000 feet of which emerged. The ice-bank, therefore, was higher than it was on its border—a not very reassuring fact.

In the evening no change had occurred in our situation. Still ice between two and three hundred fathoms deep—an evident diminution, but what thickness there still was between us and the surface of the ocean!

It was then 8 p.m. According to the daily custom on board the air ought to have been renewed four hours before. I did not suffer from it much, although Captain Nemo had not yet drawn upon his reservoirs for a supplement of oxygen.



My sleep was restless that night. Hope and fear besieged me by turns. I rose several times. The gropings of the *Nautilus* were still going on. About 3 a.m. I noticed that the lower surface of the ice-bank was met with at a depth of only twenty-five fathoms. A hundred and fifty feet next separated us from the surface of the water. The ice-bank was gradually becoming an ice-field. The mountain was becoming a plain.

My eyes no longer left the manometer. We were still ascending, diagonally following the bril-

liant surface that shone under the rays of the electric lamp. The ice-bank was getting lower above and below in long slopes. It got thinner from mile to mile.

At last, at 6 a.m. on this memorable 19th of March, the door of the saloon opened. Captain Nemo appeared.

"The open sea!" he said.

(Continued to-morrow)

Hearts of oak are our ships, Hearts of oak are our men.

David Garrick, (1716-1779).

any number you like—say, 46529871—and add up the digits. In this case they come to 42. Now subtract this from the original number, and the answer will always divide by 9. In this case, 46529871—42 equals 46529829, and though 9 "won't go" into the original number, it will divide into this exactly 5169981 times.

And now can you explain the following mysterious addition sum? Note that the numbers run in sequence from left to right across the top row, from right to left across the next row, and so on.

1	2	3	4	5	6
12	11	10	9	8	7
13	14	15	16	17	18
24	23	22	21	20	19
25	26	27	28	29	30
36	35	34	33	32	31
111	111	111	111	111	111

The answer to the question about change for a ten-shilling note is that the nine silver coins were three four-shilling pieces, one half-crown, a sixpence, and four threepenny pieces.

NELSON'S COLUMN

HOW many miles does a referee cover during a Soccer match?

There's no need for argument. Referee F. Lowe has tried it out. He wore a pedometer inside his stocking when refereeing a game between Bath City and on Army XI.

The distance? Six and a half miles—in the first half only.

JOCKEY G. RICHARDS has "arrived." Not Gordon... another G. Richards.

This one is George, 15-year-old apprentice from Herbert Smyth's stable at Epsom. He won his first race on Bayeux in the Apprentice Handicap at Salisbury—after 18 months' patient tuition down at Epsom.

G. Richards the Second—no relation to the brothers Gordon and Cliff, by the way—comes from Gatwick, so should be at home on the course.

TOSS-UP by telephone decided the order of playing the two "legs" of the Football League's North Cup Final.

As soon as the two finalists—Blackpool and Sheffield Wednesday—became known, League Secretary F. Howarth, who lives at Preston, rang President Cuff at his home.

Howarth called "Heads, Blackpool; tails, Wednesday."

Cuff spun the coin. Howarth, in Preston, heard the halfpenny tinkle on the floor in Liverpool.

Heads, it was.

BOXING Metropolitan Policemen E. Bell and D. Clark are to meet in a three-round middle-weight bout in London. It will be the worst-handled fight in history.

Everything that can go wrong will go wrong in the way the contest is controlled by the referee, judges, seconds—even the M.C.

The bout is to be part of a demonstration arranged by the referees' and judges' committee of the A.B.A., members of which are to be asked to say how many mistakes they spot.

JOE MERCER, Everton and England right-half, was a star of the Reading team which sprang a Southern Cup-tie surprise on Tottenham Hotspur at White Hart Lane.

He never put a foot wrong throughout a hectic 90 minutes. The crowd—Tottenham fans, nearly all of them—cheered him again and again.

In the dressing-room after the game, Mercer collapsed.

What that cheering crowd did not know was that—

Mercer had not eaten a meal since 7 a.m., had had a full morning of P.T.; and had arrived at the ground only a few minutes before the kick-off after a long cross-country journey from his unit camp.

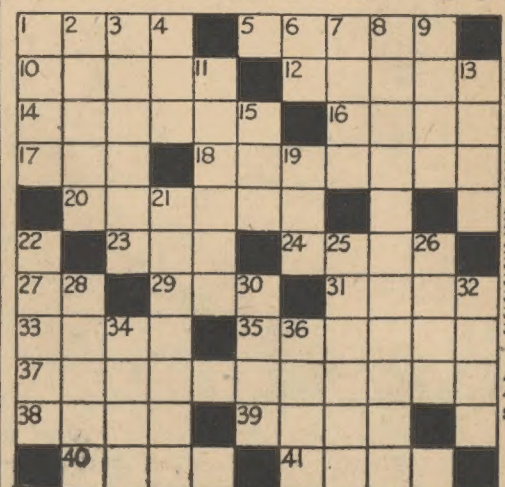
MANY of us have the popular cartoonist's idea of football club directors—corpulent, top-hatted, with a cable's length of gold watch-chain draped amidships. They're not all like that.

Lionel John, Bath City F.C. director, has just earned his wings at an R.A.F. training centre in Canada. He passed out top of his group—at the age of 28.

If that's not enough to make any cartoonist reach for the indiarubber our name's not

JOHN NELSON.

CROSSWORD CORNER



- CLUES ACROSS.**
- 1 Self-complacent
 - 5 Inferior to.
 - 10 Passenger ship.
 - 12 Nautical.
 - 14 Part of foot.
 - 16 Cafe list.
 - 17 Blind.
 - 18 Abandons.
 - 20 Ripen.
 - 23 Red resin for dye.
 - 24 Low dull sound.
 - 27 Battering.
 - 29 Permit.
 - 31 Spoken.
 - 33 Wander.
 - 35 At random.
 - 37 Rooster.
 - 38 Inn landlord.
 - 39 Atmospheric gas.
 - 40 Occident.
 - 41 Slight infusion.
- Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

- CLUES DOWN.**
- 1 Out in strips.
 - 2 Note of music.
 - 3 Open.
 - 4 Obtain.
 - 6 Printing measure.
 - 7 Unsatisfactory.
 - 8 Loads too heavily.
 - 9 Indigence.
 - 11 Lower.
 - 13 Succulent.
 - 15 Through.
 - 19 Collection.
 - 21 Special abilities.
 - 22 Forest tree.
 - 25 Call to hounds.
 - 26 Valley.
 - 28 By no means.
 - 30 One of a pair.
 - 32 String instrument.
 - 34 Home ornament.
 - 36 Covered with sugar.

S. CHECK TAX
AMAIN IRON
GIVER TENDS
ENALISHMAEL
KNOCK ALSO
O SHARK P
VEST TIERS
EXALTED OAK
RULER DRONE
DORA LEDGE
HEN PEEPS N

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

This England



A delightful view, looking down "Church Steps," Minehead, Somerset. Could anything be more English?

TRIO AND—A TRIER!

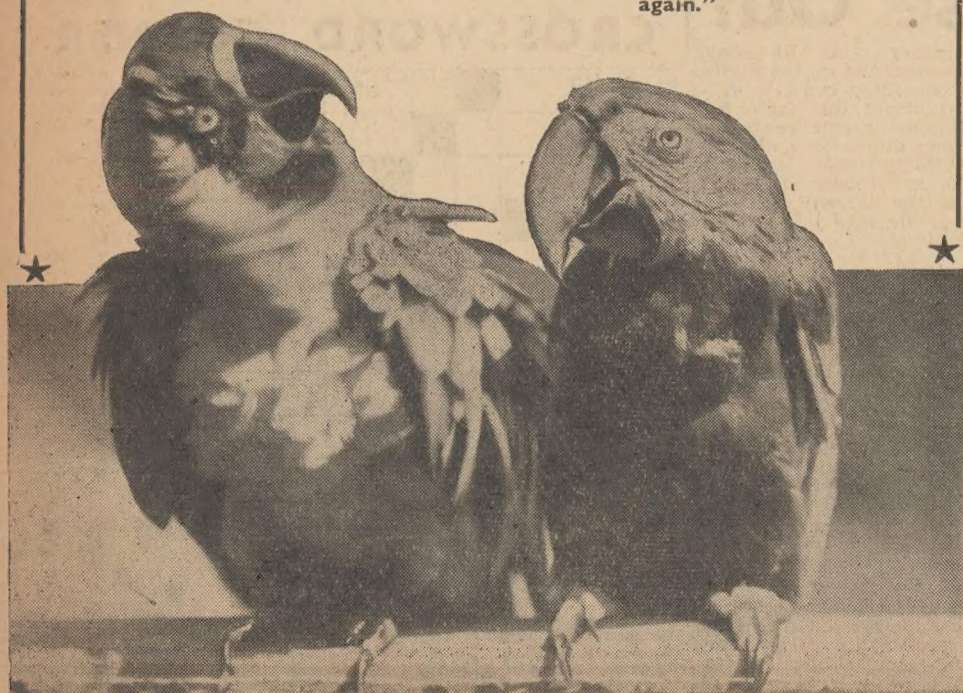


He's certainly not the "dog" we thought he was, if he runs away from three lovelies like that. Maybe, we're wrong. He's perhaps gone all he-man and dragging them to his lair.

AS GIRL TO GIRL

"I jolly well told him! 'You don't come that gag with me,' I said. 'Late at the office, indeed, blimey, you forget I turned taps in a pub for years,' I said. 'I've seen 'em late at the office all right, like hell, I have.'"

"Did you, really? Lor, Monica, I wish I had your pluck, you always were a one, you were. It always struck me funny that Charlie only started late working when he got that new blonde secretary, but I never suspected a thing, I didn't. But you just wait until he phones again."



"'Course, this is secret, and you're not supposed to see it. There's you and me's pictures in 'Good Morning.'"

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Wish they'd keep these dam' dogs off this page—they scare me."

